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Love of Home.
Standing on the threshold, with the wakening
heart and mind,
Standing on the threshold, with her childhood
left behind;
The woman's softness blending with the look of
sweet surprise
For life and all its marvels that light the clear
blue eyes.
Standing on the threshold, with light foot and
fearless hand,
As the youth, knight by his armor in a minster
mave might stand;
The fresh red lip just touching youth's ruddy
rapturous wine,
The eager heart all brave, pure hope—oh
happy child of mine!
I could guard the helpless infant that nestled
in my arms;
I could have the prattler's golden head from
pretty baby's arms;
I could brighten childhood's gladness, at
comfort childhood's tears.
But I cannot cross the threshold with the step
of riper years.
For hopes, and joys, and maiden dreams are
waiting for her there,
Where childhood's fancies bud and bloom;
April's golden air;
And passionate love, and passionate grief, and
passionate gladness lie
Among the crimson flowers that spring a
youth goes fluttering by.
Ah! on those rosy pathways is no place for
sorrowed feet,
My tired eyes have naught of strength—such
— fervid glow to meet;
My voice is all too sad to sound amid the
joyous notes
Of the music that through charmed air
opening childhood's doors.
Yet thorns amid the leaves may lurk, and
thunderclouds may lower,
And death, or change, or falsehood blight the
jasmine in its bower;
May God avert the evil, my child; but, oh,
should tempest come,
Remember, by the threshold waits the patient
love of home!

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

"I have fully decided not to go," said
Annie Grey, with a dimness in her eyes
and a rising lump in her throat.
"Don't say that, dear," said Mrs.
Badgerly, who, in spite of her scap-
plashed skirts, stove-blackened coun-
tenance and suspiciously rubicund nose
was a truly sympathetic confidante.
"What will he say?"
"He'll be disappointed, of course,"
said Annie. "But papa can't spare the
money for a new dress, and I certainly
shall not go a glossy green!"
Mrs. Badgerly looked up at the ceiling,
as if for an inspiration, and rubbed the
end of her nose with the blackening
brush which made her look one de-
gree more like a female pirate than be-
fore.
"Deary," said she, in that coaxing,
oleaginous voice of hers, "suppose you
was rich?"
"What's the use of supposing any
such nonsense as that?" said Annie, a
little sharply.
"Well, but only 'suppose,' pleaded Mrs.
Badgerly. "And you could buy a
gown to suit you to a T—what would
it be?"
"I don't know," said Annie, a little
interested, in spite of herself. "Yellow
damask, I think—because I'm a brun-
nette, you know, Badgerly—with black
lace trimming, and—"
"Or satin!" suggested Mrs. Badgerly.
"As yellow as the yellowest buttercup
ever grew in the fields! My deary,
slapping the table with one hand, "it's
the very thing! I'll borrow it for you."
"Borrow it, Mrs. Badgerly?" ex-
claimed Annie.
"Yes, borrow it, deary. Why not?"
said Mrs. Badgerly. "I see it yester-
day in the reserve stock at Hollowell's,
the pawnbroker's. Yaller satin, Miss
Annie, trimmed with the beautiful
black lace as every set eyes on, with
a train a yard long, and looped up with
yaller roses, deary. I charrs for 'em, my
dear, and comes two days in the week,
to help the g-l out with the washing
and ironing. And I ussed Mrs. Halo-
well through the pneumatic last spring,
and she'd do 'most anything to accom-
modate me; and you can have the yaller
satin dress for one night, dear, and
nothing said to nobody, and I'll guaran-
tee it shan't cost you anything."
Annie's eyes sparkled. Her longing
to attend the fancy-dress ball had been
intense.
"I'd rather go in a dress of my own,"
she said, with a little sob.
"Who's to know, deary?" coaxed the
old woman, plausibly.
"That's very true," said Annie; "and
mamma isn't at home just now, and
papa wouldn't know whether I went to
the ball or stayed at home."
"And that's true enough, my deary,"
said Mrs. Badgerly. "Bless your heart
alive! you're young and you ought to
enjoy yourself. Youth don't come but
once in a lifetime, as I know to my cost.
Heigh-ho!"
And Annie Grey went to the fancy-
dress ball, her dark beauty fittingly set
off by a golden-satin dress, whose long
train was ornamented by fan-like folds
and rosettes of black lace. A black
satin mask covered her face, and her
jet-black hair, disposed in heavy coils at
the back of her head was intertwined
with amber beads.
Miss Grey was the last person in the
world to imagine anything, but as she
went through the crowded rooms, lean-
ing on Lieutenant Crispy's gold-braided
arm (he was a naval officer, with light
blue eyes, a fresh, healthy complexion,
and a long Louis Napoleon mustache)
she could not be insensible to the fact
that her movements created a consid-
erable sensation. People whispered,

glanced, called the attention of their
neighbors to the superb satin toilet, and
made every excuse to get near her in
the crowd.
"It is she!" said a fat lady, ablaze
with a perfect crustaceous formation of
diamonds.
"I'd know her in a hundred!" said a
lender lady, in black velvet, with a
liver-brown set above her forehead.
Annie Grey felt a little fluttered, be-
hind the black satin mask; but, after
all, it was not an unpleasant situation.
The dress was superbly beautiful, and
she knew that she moved gracefully be-
neath its surferous folds.
"Ask her to sing," whispered one.
"Do you believe she would?" resorted
another, eagerly.
"Yes—why not?"
"At all events," said a third, "it's
worth the trial. I do so long to hear
her voice!"
Once more Annie's heart gave a
leaped throb. How did all of these
people hear of her soft contralto voice—
of the church-choir engagement for
which she was hoping, and the lessons,
at sixty dollars a quarter, which she
had taken of Monsieur Emile?
The master of ceremonies, urged on
by his anxious lady friends, came for-
ward, while the gentlemen, opera-
glass in hand, made a semi-circle
behind the back of the room.
"A thousand pardons, madam," he
said, courteously, "but I am requested
to ask you for the favor of a little
song."
"A song?" hesitated Annie, with
changing color, while she restlessly
fingered her mother-of-pearl fan.
"Only one," pleaded the master of
ceremonies, saluting to the very
ground—aria, balladine, romanza—
what you please. It would be an in-
estimable favor to me—to us all."
And thus urged, Annie suffered her-
self to be led to the piano.
She sang a simple little English bal-
lad, soft and sad, with dying cadences.
It was succeeded by round upon round
of deftening applause.
"Fair cantatrice," said the master of
ceremonies, who was quite a beau in
his elderly way, "it is useless for you
to endeavor longer to conceal your
identity. You are discovered!"
"I?" cried Annie, turning pink and
white.
"We are too much honored," added
the master of ceremonies, "by the pres-
ence of the Signora Simphonio beneath
our festive roof. Pray allow me to sig-
nify our universal appreciation of the
favor you have deigned to confer upon
us."
And he gracefully placed upon her
head a wreath of glossy green bay
leaves, which had been hurriedly con-
structed by one of the diamond-spark-
ling ladies.
"But," cried Annie, "there has been
some mistake! I am not the Signora
Simphonio—the distinguished Italian
opera singer to whom you allude."
But the master of ceremonies bowed
again, with a mildly incredulous smile.
"The signora is pleased to keep up the
transparent delusion," said he. "We
bow to her will. But we cannot be de-
ceived."
And not all Annie Grey's protestations
could divert her from the strange and
unexpected identity that was so per-
sistently thrust upon her. She received
an ovation all the evening from the
guests, and finally left the ball-room in
a curious state of bewilderment.
Mrs. Badgerly was sitting up for her,
with a devotional book in her hand,
and the borders of her best cap in dan-
gerous proximity to the kitchen candle,
when the yellow satin dress seemed to
light up the apartment like an illumina-
tion.
"You're back, eh, deary?" said Mrs.
Badgerly, drowsily.
"Yes, I'm back," said Annie. "And
the strangest thing has happened!"
"What deary?"
"Everybody has taken me for a fa-
mous prima donna who is now singing
at the academy of music!" said Annie.
"Do you suppose, Badgerly, that my
voice is really so fine?"
"It's dreadful fine, my deary, no
doubt," said the charwoman, stifling an
incipient yawn which threatened to di-
vide the two sections of her head in
parts; "but it ain't that. It's the yaller
satin gown, deary—that's what it is!"
"The—yellow satin gown?"
"Yes," nodded Mrs. Badgerly.
"Didn't I tell you? It was one the Sign-
ora Simphonio wore on the stage under a
clumsy gauze spilled an oil lamp over it.
So she gave it to her maid, the sign-
ora did, and the maid she took out the
stains as neat as you please, with French
chalk and benzine, and a hot smoothing-
iron. She was a smart creature, the Sign-
ora Simphonio's maid was; but she
had one failing—she liked drink. So
the last spree she went on, she pawned
the yaller satin gown for money to buy
liquor; and there hasn't been nothing
seen or heard of her since. So there's
the history of your dress, my deary;
dove; and, if you cared to have it to
keep, I've no doubt I could make a good
bargain for you with Mrs. Hollowell,
and get it cheap."
But Alice Grey threw it aside with a
shudder.
"No, Badgerly!" said she; "take it
away. It's the last time I ever want to
wear a dress that isn't honestly my very
own."
"Well, dear, you've had one nice
evening's wear out of it, anyhow," said
Mrs. Badgerly, complacently.
Annie shook her head.
"I don't like sailing under false
colors," said she. "Second-hand dresses
and second-hand reputations won't do
for me!"
But, for one evening, Annie had en-

joyed the adulation due to La Signora
Simphonio, of the Grand Italian Opera.
Cotton Possibilities.
One-half of the entire crop of the mer-
chantable cotton of the world is grown
in the United States. The cotton trade
is watched more closely than any other.
There are daily reports of the amount of
cotton received at the centers of distri-
bution, and how much is sold and ex-
ported. Great pains are taken to get at
the exact facts regarding the supply and
consumption of this great staple. As a
gentleman once expressed it, a cotton
statistician would chase a single bale all
over the country to see what finally be-
came of it.
The figures that express the growth
and use of cotton are astounding. The
best authorities place the production
annually at from 4,500,000,000 to 5,500,-
000,000 pounds, or from 2,250,000 to
2,750,000 tons. There is no surplus.
What is produced is all used from year
to year. Mankind uses an average of
fully three pounds of raw cotton every
year for every man, woman and child
on the face of the globe.
When, however, we inquire how
much land is needed to raise this vast
crop, the reader will be surprised when
we say that there is land enough, ex-
actly suited to the production of cotton,
in the State of Texas alone, to supply
the whole world.
The average production of cotton in
Texas is about one-half a bale to an acre.
The highest estimate of the world's
crop is 12,000,000 bales, of 480 pounds
each. An area of 24,000,000 acres is
therefore all that is needed, and that is
but 37,500 square miles. The area of
Texas is more than seven times that
number of miles, and the part that could
be profitably devoted to cotton-growing is
many times greater in size than would
be required.
The cotton that is used for manufac-
ture is the wing of the seed. It corre-
sponds to the light filament that carries
the seed of the flax, that pest of the
farmer. There are about two and a half
pounds of seed to every pound of cotton
fiber. How much cotton seed, then, is
raised every year in the world? Be-
tween six and seven million tons!
The uses of cotton seed are many, and
yet it is only lately that the great value
of the article has been recognized.
When pressed, the kernels will yield
about one-eighth of their weight in oil,
which can be used for many purposes.
Indeed, it is more than suspected that a
large part of the "pure olive oil" from
Leghorn, is either pure cotton-seed oil,
or a mixture of cotton seed and other
oils.
What is left after the oil is expressed
is seed-cake. This is sent in vast
quantities to Europe, where it forms the
best known feed for cattle, and no better
fertilizer is known than the manure of
cattle fed upon it. The hulls of the cot-
ton seed have usually been thrown
away, but now it is known that they are
as good for feed as the seed itself.
We are just beginning to use economy
in the cultivation of cotton, and in the
use of the other products of the plant.
The production of cotton is increasing
from year to year. The crop of 1879
was the largest ever gathered. But the
consumption of the staple is also in-
creasing.
In the United States we consume more
than thirteen pounds of raw cotton a
year for every person in the country.
The average amount for each person in
Europe is only four and a half pounds;
in Asia about three pounds; in Africa
less than one-third of a pound. As en-
lightened civilization extends and
wealth increases, the consumption of
this article of trade must also grow; and
it is the mission of America to supply it
to the whole world.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*
Warts.
As much as warts and corns may be
thought to resemble each other, they are
quite different in origin, character and
means of cure. A corn is simply a
thickening and hardening of the scarf-
skin, or epidermis. It is always caused
by pressure, and is removed only by the
removal of the pressure. And we may
here state that, so absolutely are they
thus removed, a protracted period of
sickness will gradually lift them wholly
out of the flesh.
A wart, on the contrary, belongs to the
skin proper—the vera cutis—and
consists of an abnormal growth of one
or more papillae, in which the nerves
and blood vessels terminate. For this
reason, while the substance of a corn is
as insensible as that of the finger-nail,
the substance of a wart is peculiarly
sensitive beneath the scarf-skin which
covers the head of the papillae, and
which these carry with them as they
push upward.
In most cases, as the equalized action
of the parts is restored, they go off by
themselves. They can be speedily re-
moved, however, by touching them re-
peatedly with nitrate of silver, or by ap-
plying nitric acid to their extremities.
Care should be taken not to touch the
adjacent skin.
Many superstitious notions prevail re-
specting the cure of warts among the
people. They have been handed down
from the remotest times, when supersti-
tion had more to do with medical meth-
ods generally than true science.
In the aged, when the cuticle is hard,
the epithelial cells, instead of develop-
ing upward, develop downward into
the tissues, and give rise to painful tu-
mors, which the physician alone can
eradicate.
Sometimes moles tend to enlarge and
become painful. A little nitric acid ap-
plied to them a few times will arrest the
tendency.—*Youth's Companion.*
Archery is becoming fashionable in
the South.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
News and Notes for Women.
President Tyler's widow has become
an inmate of a convent in Georgetown,
D. C.
It is said that there are in the small
town of Wirt, Allegany county, nine
couples who have each lived together
fifty-two years. The husbands, with
one exception, are farmers.
Two young women of Bangalore,
India, have been admitted as proba-
tioners into the postoffice in that place.
They are the first women who have
been able to get government employ-
ment in Asia.
Glasgow is to have a swimming club
for girls.
Statistics say that there are about
1,700 female authors in France. Two-
thirds of them are natives of the prov-
inces, and one-third of Paris.
The editor of a paper in Wisconsin
referred to a gathering of ladies as a
"scandalous caucus," and now the fifty
and odd females would patronize a store
which patronizes the editor.
Ladies who wear sealskin sacks are
very liable not to wear them, for in
Belgium rabbit skins are successfully
prepared to resemble sealskin, and thou-
sands of rabbits are annually killed in
England and whose pelts go to Belgium,
and leave that country as genuine seal-
skins.
A Germantown lady says an old shoe
may still be the proper thing at a wed-
ding, but about the time the tin wed-
ding comes around an old slipper is more
useful.
The State of Mississippi is about to
establish a college for young women.
Senator Hannibal Hamlin's wife is
thirty years younger than her husband.
The wife of Senator Blake wears her
hair in puffs and dresses in black.
Fashion Notes.
Fancy costumes have parolais and
fairs to match.
Jersey suits are very popular for chil-
dren in England.
Hoods will be revived and used to ex-
press on all kinds of wraps.
Spanish lace will be the fashionable
net for summer polonaises.
Some touches of color brighten every
black toilet that is not mourning.
Rich and substantial fabrics are neces-
sary when plain suits are preferred.
It is a fashionable to make chem-
ises with V-shaped gussets in the neck.
A young girl always looks well in a
simple toilet with a small tunic formed
by a scarf.
Surah satin and religious velling
make a lovely combination for summer
evening dresses.
The English gypsy is the first hat that
young ladies will wear as bonnets in
summer.
Large hats and bonnets are worn
more and more as the season advances.
The shoe is gradually replacing the
boot for outdoor as well as indoor wear,
especially in Europe.
New chemises fasten by buttons hid-
den in the plits of the embroidery and
lace on the shoulders.
All-light, semi-diaphanous materials
require much draping and flounces and
pleating to look well.
Dark blue foulard, polka-dotted with
white, makes effective short costumes
when faced with dark red.
The imported English gypsy hats have
a netted cover covering the front and
back of the turned-up brim.
Coat sleeves of dresses are made very
high on the shoulders, and stand up-
ward like men's coat sleeves.
Sunbeam cloth is an English novelty
for skirts. It has a mixture of all colors
of the rainbow in stripes.
Gold lace and colored lace is used for
military purposes, for trimming para-
ols, fans, and rich brocade and velvet
dresses.
Some very handsome Surah silk and
satin petticoats have two puffs stuffed
with hair placed at the top of the skirt
in the back.
Curious Case of Petrification.
A short time ago George L. Taylor, a
well-to-do citizen of Denver, Col., be-
gan to feel a weightiness in his cheeks.
The muscles appeared to be growing
stiff and the skin certainly had become
hardened. Mr. Taylor's friends made
jocose remarks about his "cheek" when
the hardening began, but the sufferer
himself was in no mood for fun. Before
the expiration of a week both sides of
the man's face had assumed the solidity
of marble. He was unable to hold up
his head. His eyes took a stony glint
and in another week the victim died.
The Denver physicians pronounce the
case one of decided petrification. Mr.
Taylor was eighty-two years of age, and
just before the appearance of the singular
disease weighed sixty-five pounds.
After death the petrification continued,
so that the weight of the old man's body
is now six hundred pounds. Mr. Taylor
had the use of his tongue until the hour
of his death, and, realizing the oddity of
his taking off, requested that his body
be sent the Smithsonian institution.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
Chinese soldiers get three cents a day,
and when the war is over very few of
them invest their savings in twenty-five
thousand dollars' worth of government
bonds.—*Norristown Herald.*
For the last forty years Barfoot
Walker has not had his feet covered. He
was employed as a farm hand near
Columbus, Ga., although in his 96th
year. On a recent Sunday he apparently
died, and at his funeral, when persons
were bending over his coffin, he sat up
and asked why he was thus treated.
He still lives.
The "dark days" in America com-
menced about 10 A. M., May 19, 1880,
and continued until the middle of the
next day. The Arizona Mirror says that
a woman living on the Little Colorado
was twenty-eight years of age at that
time and remembers the circumstance.
She is now 128 years of age. The dark-
ness created great consternation among
her people, the Spanish and the Indians.
The Spaniards buried their saints and the
Indians took to feasting.
A fire recently broke out in an exten-
sive German brewery and bierhaus in
Mont Video. All available sup-
plies of water having been exhausted
and the flames still advancing, the fire
brigade asked and received permission
of the proprietor to make use of a large
stock of beer on the premises in order to
contain their operations. After some
20,000 gallons of beer had been cast into
the flames the conflagration was ar-
rested.
It is a curious fact brought out in the
statistics of insurance experts that in
all of the great cities of the civilized
world the death rate is decreasing. The
science of right living causes an in-
crease of longevity. From 1873 to 1878
the decrease in the London death rate,
as compared with the preceding six
years, was four per cent.
Since 1804 new translations of the
Bible have been made in 226 languages.
The British and Foreign Bible society
has published 167 of these versions; the
American Bible society, 41; the National
Bible society of Scotland, 5; the Bible
Translation society, 14; the society for
Promoting Christian Knowledge, 17;
the Translating Bible society, 3; the
Netherlands Bible society, 11; the so-
ciety of Germany, 9; of Switzerland,
9; and of Denmark, Sweden and Nor-
way, 6.
Cyclones still rage in the West, and
no region can feel safe from their rav-
ages. In Illinois and Mississippi the
destruction of life and the wasting of
crops that promised to come to maturity
have been great, and man has been able
to do nothing in his defense. We are
yet in the infancy of science, but when
science shall have reached manhood
there is no saying that means will not
be found to break these diabolical ma-
lstroms of the air, whose mission is to
torture, wound and slay. Thus man in
time will learn to protect himself per-
fectly from the attacks of nature. His
progress in that respect will co-ordinate
in his progress in protecting himself
from the outrages of his fellow man.

The San Francisco Chronicle has as-
certained that Chinamen decline to be-
come naturalized because the Chinese
penal code declares that all persons who
renounce their country and allegiance
shall be beheaded. The property of all
such criminals is to be confiscated, and
their wives and children distributed as
slaves to the great officers of state.
Their parents, grandparents, brothers
and grandchildren, whether habitually
living with them under the same roof
or not, are to be banished to the distance
of 2,000 leagues. All who conceal or
connive at the crime are to be strangled.
Those who inform against the criminals
are rewarded with the whole of their
property.
The recent decision of the United
States circuit court holding that a State
may impose a tax on commercial travel-
ers without violating the Federal constitu-
tion is one of no little interest to the
commercial world. The case arose
under a statute of Nevada, passed in
1877, which requires that "every travel-
ing merchant, agent, drummer or other
person selling or offering to sell any
goods, wares or merchandise of any
kind to be delivered at some future
time," or carrying sample and solicit-
ing orders, shall get a license and pay
twenty-five dollars a month for it; and
provides that whoever sells or tries to
sell in violation of the statute shall be
deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and
liable to a fine of not less than fifty dol-
lars nor more than five hundred dol-
lars.
The latest discovery intended to pre-
serve butter is the production of the
continent of Europe. It is called ozonia.
It is vouched for by Dr. Cameron and
Prof. Sheldon, British chemists. It is
said that there is no other known sub-
stance approaching it in efficacy and
utility. It is also stated that the utility
of ozonia is not restricted to butter. It
is claimed that it is equally applicable
to milk, eggs, bacon curing and fish pre-
serving. As oversalting in the instances
of butter, hams, bacon and other articles
in which salt is used as a preservative
the chief cause of their depreciation,
such a discovery as it is claimed ozonia
is must be an immensely valuable one.
America is especially interested in it.
The great objection to our butters and
meats in Great Britain is in their over-
salting, and the great point with our
packers is to obtain what is called a
"mild cure" that will at the same time
preserve the meat.

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Close connection is made for all Eastern and
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Round Trip Tickets
TO THE
Spring and Pleasure Resorts
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EAST TENNESSEE & VIRGINIA,
On sale at the principal stations at Greatly
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MEMPHIS TO BRISTOL
Without Change.
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Close connection is made for all
ARKANSAS AND TEXAS POINTS.
A full set of first-class Emigrant Tickets on
sale at the principal stations.
Coaches run between Bristol and Memphis
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No Sunday delay.
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SNYDER'S
CURATIVE
PADS!
THE MOST WONDERFUL HEALTH
RESTORERS KNOWN TO
MEDICAL SCIENCE.
Are worn externally. We make three dif-
ferent kinds, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.
No. 1. For Coughs and Fever, Dyspepsia, In-
digestion, Biliousness, a Sick and Nervous Head
Ache, and all diseases arising from a Torpid
Liver. The most effective Blood Purifier ex-
tant; gives strength to the weak and debili-
tated. Price, 25c.
No. 2. For Female Weakness and Irregulari-
ties, Falling Womb, Whites, eruptions the
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